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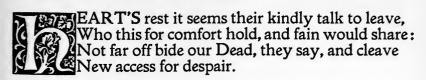
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① Wilfrid Blair's "The Strange Servant" and A. P. Herbert's "The Bathe," were first published in *Punch*, to the proprietors of which thanks are due for permission to reprint.

#### C JANE BARLOW SO

#### A HAPCHANCE ORACLE.



As if no dread vast deeps should hide the star Evanished from our void and darkling air, When, verily, except it shine afar, It shines not anywhere;

Nor ever a ray thereof shall hope retrieve That fared not forth on paths of loneliest light . . . Here soft falls silence down the hushed grey eve, The unfooted road curves white.

Some lads pass, trampling up a dust-cloud dim, All brownly garbed as soil that labour delves: Deathward they march to humour a mad world's whim, And sing to please themselves.

A witless song; yet haply, overheard, Fraught with the lore that Fortune sends us so: A long, long way to go; aye, take the word: A long, long way—to go.

#### I FRANK BETTS

#### THE PAWNS.

It was reported in the Press a few years ago that a certain Bishop, opening a chess tournament, stated that he might well be interested in the game, for he had been Chaplain to a King and a Queen, he lived in a Castle, he was a Bishop and his brother was a Knight; in fact, the only piece on the board with which he had not a first-hand acquaintance was the Pawn. The Pawns are the soul of Chess.—Philidor.

URPLE robed, with crowned hair, Cæsar sits in a golden chair, And a proud cold Queen beside him there. Knights in armour, many and tall, And the holy Bishops throng the hall; Why trouble your head with the pawns at all, Iscariot?

He sits at the chess and he plays with skill On a board far flung over river and hill, And many a pawn works out his will. At the chess of war to be bold is wise, And little he recks of sacrifice:—
For what are a pawn or two in our eyes, Iscariot?

Years agone, and a world away
Lived One who did not praise the play,
And He loved the pawns the best, men say.
And He damned the pieces for their pride:
So you sold Him to be crucified,
And bared unto the spear His side,
Iscariot?

You sold Him and you thought Him slain, And the old proud game begins again, And Cæsar plays with might and main. But a hidden Player has the Black, And the craft is foiled and the White attack, Move by move is beaten back, Iscariot.

Knight nor Bishop can resist The pawns of this Antagonist Whose countenance is dark with mist. The game goes on and will not wait. Cæsar is gripped in a deadly strait-What if the pawns should give checkmate, Iscariot?

1911.

#### IL WILFRID BLAIR

#### THE STRANGE SERVANT.



ALL she is, and straight and slender, With soft hair beneath a cap Pent and pinned; within her lap Weep her lily hands, for work too tender.

She's a fairy, through transgression Doomed to doff her webby smock, Doomed to rise at six o'clock, Doomed to bear a mistress's repression. Once she romped in fairy revels
Down the dim moon-dappled glades,
Rode on thrilling honey-raids,
Danced the glow-lamps out on lawny levels.

Ere her trouble she was tiny;
'Tis her doom to be so tall;
Thus her hair no more will fall
To her feet, all shimmering and sunshiny.

O her eyes, like pools at twilight, Mournful, whence pale radiance peers! O her voice, that throbs with tears In the attic 'neath the staring skylight!

Daylong does she household labour, Lights the fires and scrubs the floors, Washes up and answers doors, Ushers in the dread, stout, stuffy neighbour.

Then at night she seeks her attic, Parts her clothes with those pale hands, Slips at last her shift, and stands Moon-caressed, most yearningly ecstatic—

Arms out, pleads her condonation . . . Hapless one! she gains no grace; They whom fairy laws abase Serve the utter term of tribulation.

Yet (though far her happy wood is)
Oft her folk fly in at night,
Pour sweet pity on her plight,
Comfort her with gossipry and goodies.

#### TIDINGS.

ARCHED through my lodging-house door
A fairy in russet and green,
A fellow all puckered and lean,—
Marched in and down-squatted cross-legged in
Fixed me and waited
[the midst of the floor,
With hot eyes dilated.

I said, "Is it fall of the leaf?
Is the West Wood ruddy and gold?
Are the nuts ripe in clusters untold?
And what of the fields, the dear fields? Have they
Are apples well hoarded [saved every sheaf?
And all the flocks warded?"

In a small voice uncreate
I heard: "The leaf's falling still,
And they've garnered the gold from the hill.
All's well 'twixt Brockhampton and Sudeley. We ward
With that he departed [and we wait."
And left me big-hearted.

# **(I.** ELIZABETH BRIDGES **SP** ORPHEUS.

GIVE me happiness that leaps and sings That with the luting laughter of my pleas I win the comradeship of happy things.

"Or torture me, and let contrition's flame Melt me like music to diviner shame So I may win to them on bended knees." Thus prayed lone Orpheus, and the waving trees And creatures and gay flowers and mountains high Bowed them, and dimly wondered, and lay by.



AINT sea and far sky, Clouds that melt on high In long noon's magic hour—

Dews that unseen fall, Pale ethereal flower, Dim forest strangely tall—

Shy doe, birdé small, Things that swiftly flee Whom no hunter can find—

O lovely, O free, How shall straining mind Grasp your eternity?

II. M. ST. CLARE BYRNE 🥒

NOS IDEM MORTALES .

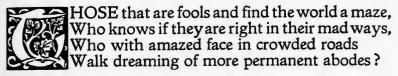
HEN they shall come to tell me you are dead I will be very quiet: I shall know Instantly, then, the place where I must go, The thing that I must do. The words you said I must ponder on in the very deepest heart:

I must remember all you ever did

Of loveliness, and the deep honour hid
In your whole life, and all the little part
We shared together, both of sorrow, laughter,
And age-old foolishness, all unforgotten.
I will tell over to myself all day
Your wonder and your beauty . . . and then after,
With peace of you from my long day begotten,
Quietly, strong with you, go on my way.

## C. W. R. CHILDE

THE UNSATISFIED.



For them the cities are like ashes hurled Across a cleanlier vision of the world: For them the engines are but childish toys, And vast democracies a crowd of boys.

They in their hearts a cloistral chamber keep Far from the myriad roarings hidden deep, Where in a place most dim high hills there are, Vast blueness and a white, unchanging star.

"O fools and blind, by ruinous folly led, Out, useless mouths," the marching world has said: They with wise eyes turn toward the unearthly sight, Where summits sleep against the azure light.

#### BLIXIM UNDER THE HILL.

(To Gerald Crow).

TETWEEN the hills and the marsh. Blue to the west and the north, Green to the south and the east, The curious town looks forth. To approach the vision of her secret houses, A long hill races down, And the terrible azure of the quiet marshes Girds the strange small town. The strange small town, the magical hamlet, In a cloistral vale she sleeps: Slowly, slowly over the muffled hamlet The green-shod summer creeps. There she dreams, there she dreams, Not far is many a lilied irised pool, The river moves along slow-wandering streams, Solemnly beautiful. There are the pools of peace, the pools of peace, Far off from the world they lie, Where only the moon-white watery lilies Stare up at the solemn sky. There are the drowsy farms, there the dim fields, About the elfin town enchanted: The roofs of her the eyes of men behold not, For the roofs of her are haunted. Only the stainless eyes of little children, And candid lovers' simple eyes, Behold the town between the woods and the marshes.

Where still enthroned she lies.

#### HIRUNDO.



HE swallows in the high street said, Twittering to the solemn west:
"Death is dead, death is dead,
Love has come off best.

"We had the news from Prester John, To northern folk we tell it now, Sitting upon his amber throne, Under the golden bough,

"Under the golden Paradise tree, Where he sits and dreams all day, In the valley of Immortality, That is so far away!"

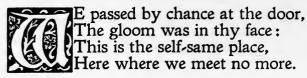
#### THE SPLENDID ROAD.

ISER was he than the King Solomon,
Blue were his eyes and deeper than deep wells,
He walked upon the open road, alone,
And from the dim south came a sound of bells,

A pilgrim's staff within his hand there was, With fair, fine scarlet was he clad upon, Walking, he dreamed of builded chrysopras, And of that place, where on a regent throne The white rose of celestial virgins is, Mary, God's Mother, and his mother too, Midmost of those translunar palaces. Wiser was he than the King Solomon, That walked to Walsingham under the blue, Dreaming of Syon, on the road alone.

### IL DOUGLAS COLE

#### THE RECORD. (XXII.)



I had often seen thee glad Or listless or asleep, But my heart gave a leap To see thy face so sad.

And my lips idly moved, And my mouth strove to cry, As thou wast passing by, O lost and dearly loved.

## **©** ESTHER L. DUFF PASTEL.



OWARDS the dawn my soul woke from her sleep 3 And, waking, watched the purple night grow grey, 3 As all unheeding entered in the day.

And while the living body of this death Lay happy, dreaming peace with even breath, She shivered and she turned again to sleep-

Only the hopeless souls dare vigil keep While the sky lightens, purple grows to grey And all unheeding enters in the day.

#### SCHEHERAZADE.

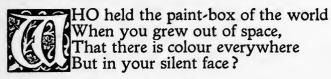
HEN all your coloured robes have wearied you, Pale red, almandine, saffron-tinted, blue—Sea-blue—and honey-coloured, dyed and stained for you With myriad others of

more subtle hue—

When all your coloured robes have wearied you What will you do?

When your enamelled lovers leave you cold, Proud knights, fair dames, lads in your love grown old, Dreamers aflame for you, slaves waxen bold Whom dreams have maddened, bitter loves and true, Saints who have prayed, kings who have offered gold—When all the little tale of love is told And your enamelled lovers leave you cold, What will you do?

#### DOMENICA.



Who lit the fires of God the morn They bade your soul depart, That there is warmth in everything Save your enchanted heart?

Who lost the keys of Heaven the day They fashioned you above, Made you compassionate with pain, Impervious to love?

#### C, T. W. EARP



HE darkness gathered in your room Made each familiar thing seem strange, And raised unbodied shapes to loom About our thoughts' adventurous range.

Speech drooped a little and then fled, We waited as one waits a sign; Taut-stretched upon a word unsaid, The silence held your fate and mine.

It seemed that we were prisoners Whose judgment quivers in a breath, And whom a grim foreboding stirs That the unspoken word is death.

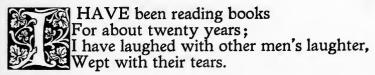
Then suddenly a radiance bathed us, Our thoughts leaped from their guarded camp, We felt the bonds unloosed that swathed us, Within a flicker of the lamp.

#### COMPANIONSHIP.

FTEN, when I would go apart
Into the bleak hill-country's heart—
That bleak hill-country each may find
In the dominion of his mind—
Whose solitude should light the whole
Irradiation of my soul.

And give that lore which follows after, You come, with happy rippling laughter, Or you, with your sweet troubled air. And then there's endless talk to share Around the fireside, and thoughts hurled Here, there, and back, about the world. When you're with me, the enterprise To seek myself on mountains dies. More than in questing, I rejoice In you, who with your grave slow voice Speak solemnly of little things, Or you, whose gusty laughter flings Confusion on each pensive doubt, And fells great wisdom with a shout. What are fame, reason, and desire, When you, or you, sit by the fire?

#### DEPARTURE.



Life has been a cliché All these years.

I would find a gesture of my own.

#### C. H. R. FRESTON ST

### JUNE EVENING.

OW the daylight droops and dies, But the twilight lingers long; And the red glow in the skies, Like the last notes of a song,

Falls upon the crimson clover, Where the white moth flies.

By the dark shore of the streams Guelders lift their veiled light, And the sceptred iris gleams; While the dog-rose, softly bright, Folds unto herself an image Of the sunset's dreams.

Sprinkled o'er the yellowing field Now the white moon-daisies glow; While from hedgerows, half-concealed, Creamy clusters hang, and show Where the elder and the whitebeam, Peeping, are revealed.

Dipping through the darkened air Ghost-swift moths will dart and skim; Or with wings a-blur will fare To and fro in dancing dim Round their queens, gold-robed, and watching From the grasses there.

H, you were very real to me!
A shadow unto some you were,
A pale grey shadow wandering there:
But unto me you were most real.

And now, whenever lips I see, Like to your lips, eyes like your eyes, Or hair like yours, then do I feel A sorrow, not unlike the pain Of those old days.

Then eyes that never smiled on me Are full of love; and hands that drew Away from mine are near and dear; While words I dreamed should never be, Fall from your lips—and you are there! And you are there, and come to me.

## C. A. P. HERBERT ST THE BATHE.

OME friend and swim. We may be better then, But here the dust blows ever in the eyes And wrangling round are weary fevered men, For ever mad with flies.

I cannot sleep, nor even long lie still, And you have read your April paper twice; To-morrow we must stagger up the hill To man a trench and live among the lice. But yonder, where the Indians have their goats,
There is a rock stands sheer above the blue,
Where one may sit and count the bustling boats
And breathe the cool air through;
May find it still is good to be alive,
May look across and see the Trojan shore
Twinkling and warm, may strip, and stretch, and dive.—
And for a space forget about the war.

Then will we sit and talk of happy things,
Home and "the High" and some far fighting friend,
And gather strength for what the morrow brings,
For that may be the end.
It may be we shall never swim again,
Never be clean and comely to the sight,
May rot untombed and stink with all the slain.
Come, then, and swim. Come and be clean to-night.

#### C, S. REID-HEYMAN

OUCH these mute lips, and waken them to sing Here in the weary Earth.
My voice shall gain
Such harmony from tumult, that the strong
Sweet chords shall circle all the world. The pain
Which weighs on Empires cannot check the strain
Of utter gladness; nor the spirit rest
In all its bitterness from the refrain,
That what may come is evermore the best—
Tho' Thy hand slay me still I count me blest.
Pierce thro' this heart, oh! iron of my God!
Lest I forget, lest I forget to bring
My praises with my prayer. This very load
Of dumb entreaty bids my song take wing.
Strike with Thy Sword again, and waken me to sing.

## © ROGER HEATH SONNET.

In a great Factory on the outer verge
Of outer heaven, a heavenly Demiurge
Through the long ages shapes the earth anew.
Perchance hereafter he shall raise his head
Having fultilled his task, while all about
The lamps of the old Universe burn out
And daylight waxes in the darkened shed.
Then rising from his toil he shall fling wide
The Workshop doors, and quench the lights that lurk
In windless corners, and his labour done,
Shall stand upon the threshold satisfied,
Beholding the new world, his handiwork,
All-glorious beneath the risen sun.

#### TO ALL MINOR POETS.

And strewn them on the highways thick and fast,
The blossoms of a moment that we cast
Shall lie forgotten for a long, long time:
Till all we said, and all we thought about
Grows quaint and strange, and all our life has past
For ever from the earth. And when at last
Some lover of old songs shall draw us out
From the great rubbish-heap of time, to please
His fancy with an age unlike his own,
And set us tenderly upon his shelves,
We shall be so transformed and overgrown
By subtle working of the centuries,
I think that we shall hardly know ourselves.

# **Q** ALDOUS HUXLEY **ST** THE CANAL.

O dip and dart of swallows wakes the black Slumber of the canal:—a mirror dead For lack of loveliness remembered From ancient azures and green trees, for lack

Of some white beauty given and flung back, Secret, to her that gave: no sun has bled To wake an echo here of answering red; The surface stirs to no leaf's wind blown track.

Between unseeing walls the waters rest, Lifeless and hushed, till suddenly a swan Glides from some broader river blue as day, And with the mirrored magic of his breast Creates within that barren water-way New life, new loveliness, and passes on.

### "CONTRARY TO NATURE AND ARISTOTLE

NE head of my soul's amphisbæna
Turns to the daytime's dust and sweat;
But evenings come, when I would forget
The sordid strife of the arena.

And then my other self will creep Along the scented twilight lanes To where a little house contains A hoard of books, a gift of sleep.

Its windows throw a friendly light Between the narrowing shutter slats, And, golden as the eyes of cats, Shine me a welcome through the night.

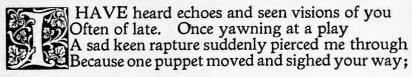
#### MOLE.

UNNELLED in solid blackness creeps The old mole-soul, and wakes or sleeps, He knows not which, but tunnels on Through ages of oblivion; Until at last the long constraint Of each-hand wall is lost, and faint Comes daylight creeping from afar, And mole-work grows crepuscular. Tunnel meets air and bursts: mole sees Men hugely walking . . . or are they trees? And far horizon's smoking blue, And chasing clouds for ever new: Green hills, like lighted lamps aglow Or quenching 'neath the cloud-shadow; Quenching and blazing turn by turn, Spring's great green signals fitfully burn. Mole travels on, but finds the steering A harder task of pioneering Than when he thridded through the strait Blind catacombs that ancient fate Had carved for him. Stupid and dumb And blind and touchless he had come A way without a turn; but here, Under the sky, the passenger Chooses his own best way; and mole Distracted wanders, yet his hole Regrets not much wherein he crept, But runs, a joyous nympholept, This way and that, by all made mad— River nymph and oread, Ocean's daughters and Lorelei,

Combing the silken mystery, The glaucous gold of her rivery tresses-Each haunts the traveller, each possesses The drunken wavering smile awhile; Then with a phantom's cock-crow smile Mocks craving with sheer vanishment. Mole-eyes grow hawk's: knowledge is sent In grudging driblets that pay high Unconscionable usury To unrelenting life. Mole learns To travel more secure; the turns Of his long way less puzzling seem, And all those magic forms that gleam In airy invitation cheat Less often than they did of old. The earth slopes upward, fold by fold Of quiet hills that meet the gold Serenity of western skies. Over the world's edge with clear eyes Our mole transcendent sees his way Tunnelled in light: he must obey Necessity again and thrid Close catacombs as erst he did. Fate's tunnellings, himself must bore Through the sunset's inmost core. The guiding walls to each-hand shine Luminous and crystalline; And mole shall tunnel on and on. Till night let fall oblivion.

#### C. E. B. C. JONES

## JERKED HEARTSTRINGS IN TOWN.



An omnibus-conductor fixed your glance
—Intense, preoccupied—upon my fare;
I saw your stooping shoulders, at a dance,
Lean by a doorway: but you were not there.

Down Oxford Street, in the slow shopping crowd, Hearing your very voice, "Ah, that's superb" I turned,—a tawdry simpering little dowd Passed by, and left me trembling on the kerb.

#### MIDDLE-AGE.

OW the last drop, both sweet and fierce, Of passion's essence is distilled, Ah, need we grieve?—For there is scarce A greyness that dreams cannot gild.

The pools of art and memory keep Reflections of our fallen towers, And every princess there asleep, Whom once we kissed, is always ours. We have strange visions, and we bear Their faint light on our brows and cheeks: And when the silence grows more rare It seems a lovely phantom speaks:

And shadows which at evening come Have grace not only for the eye, And sometime water gushes from Fountains that have long been dry.

#### FORESTS.

S there an ancient forest turned to stone Which, though the wind blows through, is never bent nor blown? Is it sunk to the cold floor of the seas? Do pale barnacled

fossil-phantoms of those trees

Along whose boughs sloths sunned themselves asleep

Stand in the sunless deep?

Or did some huge upheaval of the land

Engulf those mammoth-haunted woods in floods of sand And rock and clay, and smash the branches and grind The twigs to dust, disperse them, cast them to the wind? Or are they whole and buried underground

And not yet found?

Or is it true what we are taught at school, That fallen forests lie and slowly turn to coal? O, do we burn on our suburban hearth Fragments of fabulous trees that roofed a younger earth When men were still inferior apes, and swung In a twilight of green boughs where no birds sung?

## C, CHRISTOPHER JONSON SA

#### AUBADE.

VER the dead white stillness, half a fright,
Steals the remotest flicker of the morn—
The crooked figure of old night, outworn
Gathers her goods and stumbles out of sight.

With numb ensaffroned fingers the pale day Rattles the latches of his countless gates, And a faint ghastly quiver penetrates The oceans and the hills, and dies away.

So o'er the frozen marshes, through the night Of unenquiring horror, in my heart With tired groping creeps the crescent light,

And the dim shadows clothe themselves anew With half substantial bodies, or depart Into the aching nothingness of blue.

#### NOONTIDE.

HE withered bones of ages lie around Unburied, past corruption, dry and white: Come let us underneath the solemn light Of tearless noon explore the littered ground.

Beauties and prodigies that shall astound The dull-eyed world and set the heaven afright Haply lie hidden from our shallow sight Beneath this bleak immeasurable mound. Where red-clawed Death has tarried on his way And burnt to utter dust the gleaming coal, This place o'erturned shall sweetest incense yield. In the vast calm of this sepulchral field Lurk somewhere, yet unborn to open day The fine and secret pleasures of the soul.

## C, E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN 🥒

THE BUILDING.

(To H.T.W.G.)

LL souls are clay save One that rears Each in gradation to the sky Until the shapen whole appears A rapture in Eternity.

Clay's dead, yet bears alive and quick A seed that in the kiln expands, Warming the substance into brick Before it touch the masons' hands.

Such bricks throughout the building serve For wall and ceiling, arch and stair And dome whose imperfected curve Sits like an eagle on the air.

Each doth his portion due sustain Nor shall as first or last be known, The merest parapet doth reign Co-equal with the cornerstone. And each a different hue bewrays Until the sacred work be done, When all that now perplex the gaze Shall gleam indissolubly one.

The angels then shall dance around Upon the sealing of the dome And welcome with eternal sound The Master to his breathing home.

HEARD a voice from the cliff, "Depart, O man, from my dwelling;"
Twas evening, and the tide
Over the beach was welling;

Afar at sea a lonely skiff Lay floating; I, astride, In the cold malignant light Hung o'er a twisted ammonite. Whether it was the voice Of Pan, who on the mountains Bids all the herds rejoice, And in the pleasant fountains Sinketh the goat and seemeth man— Whether it was the voice of Pan I know not; but again It sang in my ears like autumn rain, "Depart, depart, O man"-and I Thinking perchance it was a devil Holding alone his twilight revel. Stood waiting for the bluish light That shines when evil shapes are nigh: But only once more came the cry, "Depart," and about me closed the night, With a sense of the half corporeal things That lie where only the night bird sings—And the sudden flap of a seagull's wings, And I departed.

# **C.** J. S. MUIRHEAD **THE TWO CITIES.**

HEN I was riding on the roads at morning, One of Blake's angels stood upon a hill, And stretching his strong arms he spake to me: "Where is Jerusalem, that pleasant city?" Then reining in my wheels of fire I answered "I too have lost my city, Gabriel, And seek her in the morning, even Athens. And sometimes catch her pinnacles, pale-flaming Amid the mists, when the young frost is come. "Dead is your city," said he, "long forgotten, A city of dead time her name is called; But mine will come upon the windy morning, This day not long hence will her trumpets call." Then beat he the thin air and flew on wings With a loud song, since now the sun rose slow And built the towering clouds to the similitude Of guilded minarets along the east. But I beheld no other thing but clouds, And smiling, gently moved below the hills. Yet now amid the dusk I seek my city A city of dead time—I know her name.

## I DOROTHY PLOWMAN SHOTOVER.



T the crest of Shotover a new world breaks And beckons: there's a brush of some wild wing, The hedges melt and the open spaces sing, And down the hill-side scattered

gorse bloom makes

Pale glimmering, till the wreathed soft smoke-grey Folds in upon this still December noon. Strange, wonderful place; and when at twilight soon The cheerful cries of horsemen die away, And the magic beat at which the whole hill quakes (Hearing far down giant anvils answering), A sense of other riders, and a day Gone by, lies brooding here, a conscious thing.

A field of roughened grass breaks sheer away On to the sky—the edge o' the world looks so: Nearer, earth shows again, and cupped below The city spires glance skyward, sheathed in grev. Here, on a frost-clear morning, in the hedge Briony brightest crimson and brave green Rioted, and a wind wave-kissed and keen As joy, came blowing over the steep world's edge. But in the wood below the frost still lay Quiet on moss and twig, and the stream ran slow, Tinkling its way beneath the glassy sedge And the long blue shadows leafless branches throw.

Such wonders haunt this place: its fragrant spell Works in the blood like draughts of tingling wine. Here is the music of the bleak-grown pine Keats knew (that distant river knew him well). Across the fields and through the trees down there Came Shelley striding often, climbed these heights, And drugged by dreaming cloud and drifting lights Stood long and felt the wind blow through his hair. And Milton, young of heart, before there fell The darkness that he scored with light divine, Gazed down perhaps in spring, and saw the fair Fresh river-meads decked out for Prosperpine.

Here on long summer evenings boys play late
And bugles call, till the golden silence fills
And throbs, and through the fern a rare note thrills—
Thin fairy music from a castle gate—
A challenge, and an echo, and a lure.
Then all along the hollows and the slopes
Runs the quick utterance of perilous hopes,
Quivers the touch of shining dreams, too pure
For sense to seize or thought communicate.
The voices mingle, fade: a boy's cry shrills
Across the valley; wistful and unsure
A tremulous breath is tossed about the hills.

Darkness comes drifting down; the heights forget Their voiceful life and veil themselves in dreams. And now the far-off city wakes and gleams, A living jewel, strange, and dimly set. O living jewel! Fount of mystic fires Continuing and bright in truth thou art, Between the hills thou bear'st them in thy heart. Spirits that haunt thy ways, thy walls thy spires—

Thy joyful children living in thee yet,
Put from thee by no barrier. Still, it seems,
Their love, their valorous hopes, their high desires
Sing through thy bells and murmur down thy streams.

At the crest of Shotover a new world wakes, A world of wind and song and strange delight, And stranger grief—a sense of quickening light Pent in a cloudy sphere that never breaks. The urgent splendours of the wind go by, And the gentle sorrow of the autumn rains, The sunbeams flicker: only this remains: The pine trees utter it upon the sky. Shifting and countless are the forms it takes, Life, bursting our poor bonds of speech and sight, Works in this place his joy for heart and eye; But in his wonder we do feel his might.

#### C MAX PLOWMAN

"TELL ME THY NAME."

"Come forth O lovely-one."-Blake.

ELL me thy name;
My heart hath ears to hear
That name they cannot know
Who of thee little claim.

Then bless me, O my Dear! Tell me thy name.

Thy secret name, unheard Of any yet:
That one triumphant word Thou mayest not forget:
Thy very self averred
Without regret.

Destiny's self doth cry
To hear thy name.
He pleads in me, and I
His title claim.
Then, in a word, a sigh,
Tell me thy name.

Thou canst not go,
Thy heart and mine are one,
The twain but show
Our separate lives begun.
Thy name I know.

Then beyond touch of fear, Beyond all reach of shame, My heart thy heart must hear, My spirit thine doth claim. Till thou thy glory show I will not let thee go. Tell me thy name.

#### THE CHOICE.

"Seek not thy heavenly father then beyond the skies: There Chaos dwells and ancient Night and Og and Anak old."—Blake.

AKE Heaven away, O God, and bury deep Out of my sight Hell with its brood of fear; When Thou givest Earth shall I cry, "Heaven is dear Into its blissful haven would I creep?"

Take Heaven away; for lo, I need Thee near, And should I stretch my eyes they cannot peep Into so fierce a light it seems asleep, Lying across death's yet untraversed mere.

Keep Heaven, O God; and to the Devil his Hell; But give me sight and hearing, sense and touch, That I may see Thee working in the whole Visible element Thou hast made so well: May feel Thy power in the tiger's clutch And see new heavens builded by a mole.

#### C ELIZABETH RENDALL

AND OF LAUGHTER THAT WAS A CHANGELING . . .

LL day long I played in an orchard Alone with a changeling child, How should I guess that a little blue bonnet Shaded a glance so wild?

All day long we played in the orchard With apples russet and red, All day long the little blue bonnet Followed wherever I led.

Never, I think, was such mirth in an orchard As the mirth betwixt us two, But at dusk when I lifted her, laughing, laughing, Over the brook—I knew.

#### MISERICORDE.

HEN in the fulness of my final need, Indifferent to the issue, I shall stand Summoned before the Bar of Love to plead My miserere at his mercy's hand,

And you, Brave Heart, be come to speak for me (Preventing, as of old, my need to send)
Say not I loved you—how else should it be—
Tell only that I tried to be your friend.

#### C DOROTHY L SAYERS 🥒

#### A MAN GREATLY GIFTED.

OU are the song that a jester sang, Gambolling down the woods alone, When a wide, low, yellow moon Stared into the dusk of June;

And here and there, among the trees, Where sudden foxgloves showed like ghosts, The tiny streams, from edge to edge Slipped, smothered by the mossy ledge. The shadow dodged between the stems Fantastically lengthening, And like a silly, sweet guitar, The little bells were all a-jar.

O music swifter than a sword, Sharper than scent of spikenard, Thus carelessly, to left and right Tossed by a jester in the night!

#### THE ELDER KNIGHT.

I.



HAVE met you foot to foot, I have fought you face to face, I have held my own against you and lost no inch of place, And you shall never see How you have broken me.

You sheathed your sword in the dawn, and you smiled with careless eyes.

Saying "Merrily struck, my son, I think you may have Nor saw how each hard breath [your prize." Was painfully snatched from death.

I held my head like a rock; I offered to joust again, Though I shook, and my palsied hand could hardly Did you curse my insolence [cling to the rein; And over-confidence?

You have ridden, lusty and fresh, to the morrow's tournament;
I am buffeted, beaten, sick at the heart and spent.—

Yet, as God my speed be I will fight you again if need be. II.

A white cloud running under the moon And three stars over the poplar-trees, Night deepens into her lambent noon; God holds the world between His knees; Yesterday it was washed with the rain, But now it is clean and clear again.

Your hands were strong to buffet me, But, when my plume was in the dust, Most kind for comfort verily; Success rides blown with restless lust; Herein is all the peace of heaven: To know we have failed and are forgiven.

The brown, rain-scented garden beds
Are waiting for the next year's roses;
The poplars wag mysterious heads,
For the pleasant secret each discloses
To his neighbour, makes them nod, and nod—
So safe is the world on the knees of God.

III.

I have the road before me; never again Will I be angry at the practised thrust That flicked my fingers from the lordly rein To scratch and scrabble among the rolling dust.

I never will be angry—though your spear Bit through the pauldron, shattered the camail, Before I crossed a steed, through many a year Battle on battle taught you how to fail. Can you remember how the morning star Winked through the chapel window, when the day Called you from vigil to delights of war With such loud jollity, you could not pray?

Pray now, Lord Lancelot; your hands are hard With the rough hilts; great power is in your eyes, Great confidence; you are not newly scarred, And conquer gravely now without surprise.

Pray now, my master; you have still the joy Of work done perfectly; remember not The dizzying bliss that smote you when, a boy, You faced some better man, Lord Lancelot.

Pray now—and look not on my radiant face, Breaking victorious from the bloody grips—Too young to speak in quiet prayer or praise For the strong laughter bubbling to my lips.

Angry? because I scarce know how to stand, Gasping and reeling against the gates of death, While, with the shaft yet whole within your hand, You smile at me with undisordered breath?

Not I—not I that have the dawn and dew, Wind, and the golden shore, and silver foam—I that here pass and bid good-bye to you—For I ride forward—you are going home.

Truly I am your debtor for this hour Of rough and tumble—debtor for some good tricks Of tourney-craft;—yet see how, flower on flower, The hedgerows blossom! How the perfumes mix Of field and forest!— I must hasten on— The clover scent blows like a flag unfurled: When you are dead, or aged and alone, I shall be foremost knight in all the world—

My world, not yours, beneath the morning's gold, My hazardous world, where skies and seas are blue; Here is my hand. Maybe, when I am old, I shall remember you, and pray for you.

### C EDWARD SHILLITO

#### A THANKSGIVING.

EFORE the winter's haunted nights are o'er, I thankfully rejoice that stars look down Above the darkened streets, and I adore The Heavens in London Town.

The Heavens, beneath which Alfred stood, when he Built ramparts by the tide against his foes, The skies men loved, when in eternity The dreamlike Abbey rose;

The Heavens, whose glory has not known increase Since Ralegh swaggered home by lantern-light, And Shakespeare looking upwards, knew the peace, The cool deep peace of night.

Under those Heavens brave Wesley rose betimes To preach ere daybreak to the tender soul; And in the heart of Keats the starry rhymes Rolled, and for ever roll. I too have walked with them the heavenly ways,— Tracing the sweet embroideries of the sky, And I shall not forget, when arcs shall blaze, And all the lights are high.

#### C OSBERT SITWELL

"THEREFORE IS THE NAME OF IT CALLED BABEL."

ND still we stood and stared far down Into that ember-glowing town, Which every shaft and shock of fate Had shorn unto its base. Too late Came carelessly Serenity.

Now torn and broken houses gaze On to the rat-infested maze That once sent up rose-silver haze To mingle through eternity.

The outlines, once so strongly wrought, Of city walls, are now a thought Or jest unto the dead who fought. . . Foundation for futurity.

The shimmering sands where once there played Children with painted pail and spade Are drearly desolate,—afraid To meet Night's dark humanity,

Whose silver cool remakes the dead, And lays no blame on any head For all the havoc, fire, and lead, That fell upon us suddenly,

When all we came to know as good Gave way to Evil's fiery flood, And monstrous myths of iron and blood Seem to obscure God's clarity.

Deep sunk in sin, this tragic star Sinks deeper still, and wages war Against itself; strewn all the seas With victims of a world disease. —And we are left to drink the lees Of Babel's direful prophecy.

#### THE LAMENT OF THE MOLE-CATCHER.

Went lonely down the lane— All lily-green were the lanes and knolls, But sorrow numbed his brain.

He paid no heed to flower or weed As he went his lonely way, No note he heard from any bird That sang, that sad spring day.

"I trapp'd the moles for forty years That could not see the sky, I reckoned not blind blood or tears, And the Lord has seen them die. For forty years I've sought to slay The small, the dumb, the blind, But now the Lord has made me pay, And I am like their kind. I cannot see or lane or hill, Or flower or bird or moon; Lest life shall lay me lower still, O Lord—come take it soon."

# C, EDITH SITWELL

CLOWN'S HOUSES.

ENEATH the flat and paper sky,
The sun, a demon's eye,
Glowed through the air, that mask of glass;
All wand'ring sounds that pass

Seemed out of tune, as if the light Were fiddle-strings pulled tight. The market square with spire and bell Clanged out the hour in Hell;

The busy chatter of the heat Shrilled like a parrakeet; And shudd'ring at the noonday light, The dust lay dead and white

As powder on a mummy's face, Or fawned with simian grace Round booths with many a hard bright toy And wooden brittle joy: The cap and bells of Time the Clown That, jangling, whistled down Young cherubs hidden in the guise Of every bird that flies;

And star-bright masks for Youth to wear Lest any dream that fare
—Bright pilgrim—past our ken, should see Hints of Reality.

Upon the sharp-set grass, shrill-green Tall trees like rattles lean, And jangle sharp and dizzily; But when night falls they sigh

Till Pierrot moon steals slyly in, His face more white than sin Black-masked, and with cool touch lays bare Each cherry, plum, and pear.

Then underneath the veiled eyes Of houses, darkness lies. Tall houses; like a hopeless prayer They cleave the sly dumb air;

Blind are those houses, paper-thin; Old shadows hid therein With sly and crazy movements creep Like marionettes and weep.

Tall windows show Infinity; And, hard reality, The candles weep and pry and dance Like lives mocked at by Chance. The rooms are vast as sleep within: When once I ventured in, Chill Silence like a surging sea Slowly enveloped me.

T. E. WYNDHAM TENNANT ST IN MEMORIAM, W. W. B.

Neuve Chapelle, 1915.

E looked ahead and smiled, and then looked back On his past years, nor wished them here again, But rather, glancing o'er their tangled skein Sought the white threads as though there were That vainly mocked him. Clearly at his back [no black He marshalled his misfortunes; once again He greeted them, despite his present pain That could not stretch his spirit on its rack. It is the lot of some to keep a friend Lifelong, and sharing with him young endeavour, Take the last fence 'longside him at the end, Well-tried companions, who no fate may sever, And though for six short months I knew my friend, My heart shall keep his memory for ever.

#### C, SHERARD VINES SA

#### OF QUIET.

UIET sat beside the sea
In a chair of porphyry,
Birds about her head would beat,
Fishes leaped between her feet.

Sweet the purple tide did run, And gold gorse crackled in the sun, Near her on the sluiced ground Lay a man who had been drown'd.

#### AFTER THE LOVELY CITY.

STAGE was ready set
With fretted towers of stone,
Whereon did beat
Her silver the deft moon,
The smith, the crafty one.

The mullions plated were, Came little globes of cloud Silverly near. Beauty I called aloud To yield her to my mood.

In an office dull, Where nothing was to see But chimneys—full Of warm desire and glee Beauty came to me. She, when I was sick, Was my comfort sweet, And now a quick Flashing of her feet Lights the common street.

#### THE POOR ALWAYS.

HE wind gets up and hurries where he lists
About the gutter and the living fields.
The sun's a gold-shod bully, but he yields,
And there's an end to seers and rhapsodists
Who pass behind the everlasting mists,
And the great fighters lay their crumpled shields
To rest and sleep along of them: the lists
Are quiet again: the green drops off the wealds.
But there is always dirt and noise about
The city edges, where the workers lie
And the strait grimy streets thread in and out,
Play ground, or battle ground, or market row:
A hundred flourish where a thousand die,
A thousand wither, and a million grow.

### RETREAT: CAMP, 1915.

HE pipes and drums call down Another master sun; He drops, and dies, and spills His blood on clouds and hills. When some plank-laden car Storms dust high flung and far He makes of mist or mote A murrey coat.

The sad roof of an house He strikes red glorious And every hillside tree Girds with king's cramosy.

Dying lord of day, Which of us are fey? Which of us rank'd men Will see our land again?

Deathless lord of day We cannot live alway: With your bounty lave The flowers on our grave.

#### A DRINKING SONG.

EATING hearts, true hearts, the boys and the men that I love, Fellow tramps, fellow bookworms, and you that have talked the night out Over God, man, and woman, and thrashed all creation about, Here's honest ale that our speech and our being may move.

Ale to be drunk in long draughts for good rest to your souls

Who are passed along home, and good health to the

band that are left,

Here a man there a man, sifted and scattered and cleft From the round of the songs, and the boisterous round of the bowls.

Blood of the brown soil of Oxford, hops trailing in Kent When the tatterdemalion harvesters sleep by the Wain Crown and make fragrant with foam the grey pewter again;

Drink, and again—there are morrows enough to repent.

Morrows alone, when you'll eat in a little lone room Scrapsofcold yesterday's food, and your windows are dim With grime and dead flies; when your cup shall be full to its brim

With the sours of life—a teetotaller's drink, without spume:

Pale brew for the sick then, and silty grey water of fear The tart brine of failure, O plenty shall be and to spare To be swallowed with faces awry, and a show of don't care,

Red hearts of my heart, 'tis a drinking more bitter than beer!

And then they shall seek us long hence, and come down to our halls,

But find the chairs empty, the candles burnt flush to the stick.

· Empty cups, empty bottles, all scattered, all dead, nothing quick But the wind in the chimney, the spider that weaves in the walls.

And we? We shall fill the last tavern with laughter and chorus

When greeting on greeting breaks loose as each comrade rides in.

And toast upon thunderous toast makes no end to our din With the trumps of the city of godcrying music before us.

# IL DOREEN E. A. WALLACE HARVEST.

TEP softly, you comers from field and from highway; speak low with the dusk in your voices— A little dead child lies adream in the shadow; his wavering soul hovers yonder

Over the cradle, slow rocking and rocking . . . speak low, so you fright not the spirit.

Push open the door that the sun may come in, and the smell of the fields at the reaping,

And the dear solemn dog, peering down the long sunbeam; stoop low, little soul, and caress him,

Your playmate of old—he will haply delay you a fleeting short while in your passing.

Come out, little soul, from the hearth to the doorway, across the flagged stones and the sunbeams, And stand in the pools of their last golden glow, and look down to the fields and the river; So you may carry a memory back into heaven, and maybe regret us.

Look down to the sheaves that are standing in order; the long lanes of stubble between them
That narrowing lead to the heart of the dusk; and the poppies mown down by the reaper,
Lying in slumbrous crimson pools, heart's-blood of the prostrate cornfield.

And listen and hear the soft whisper of leaves in the great royal trees to the eastward Half-hidden in mist and in gathering darkness; and hear, little soul, and remember The cadence of rowers who softly sweep homewards adown the dark way to the river.

Step lightly, you comers from field and from highway; a little child-soul on the threshold
Stands tiptoe for flight; you will see it pass by if you stand and look down to the sunset
With thanks in your heart that the child has gone forth in the plenteous season of harvest.

# ■ W. WEAVING STEUCHARIST.

FRAGMENT from God's feast,
From his rich table falling,
A morsel of delight,
A crumb of Beauty,
Sometimes I do receive
Crouched there below His knees
Hound-like and patient.

He stints not to bestow Food fully for my thriving: Bits savoury and sweet For love's bestowing He dippeth in the dish, Denying His own lips Oft for my service.

These sops of bread and meat That consciously He casteth From His abundant board, Whereby I well am fed, I fawn for gladly And thankfully receive. These feed my heart.

But those that He lets fall Unknowing, fragments Of more supernal fare At His lips broken, Are more to me than food, More than abundance, And more than glory.

#### THE SPIDER.

And silence jarred like dissonance,
And spider-like my spirit hung
At life's web-end all motionless
And crumpled up, for windy chance
To swing, as in her sulkiness
Herself a little while she swung.

Steadily swinging to and fro The laughing breeze begins to blow, And my soul is lifted far and high, And the drifty web is floated free Hither and thither towards the sky And the utmost reach of destiny.

She uncrumples and jerking drops
Spinning and spinning with all her might,
Till the long web snaps and the swinging stops
And far she is carried swift and light,
Clipping or spinning as she goes
Her web to the strength of the breeze that blows.

The breeze has fallen fast asleep, But still my spirit rides awake In middle web light-looping deep: The silence now is keen and light, And tenderly the bright stars make Their silver stir upon the night And their eternal courses keep.

#### THE PHILTRE.

ET someone gather from this flowery space Roots of milk,

Bitter herbs and herbs of grace With a blossom bright as silk

—And remember lest he tread, As he goes,

In a circle thrice and dread,

Or cast his sombre shadow where the jealous witchwort grows.

Let another bring me waters from the rill
Where it creeps
Very silent, very still,
And below the willow-heaps
—And beware lest he behold,
As he bends,
His own features fey and cold,
Or browse the ferly waters with his drooping tassel-ends.

And I will watch the daffodils, to take
From the first
Pallid virgin bloom to wake
Yellow dust—and be accurst
If I let a single fly
Slip before,
Or I shake the dews that lie
On her petals, or in taking I her tender beauty score.

Bring the limbeck and distill,
Voices hushed,
And as slowly as you will.
See the vessel be not brushed
By your raiment or your breath
—Mist of doom!
Put the mystic book beneath,
And let there be the lying of an awe upon the room.

#### PROTEUS SA

FOUND old Proteus lying far and dry
Above the weedy pastures of the sea,
And fell upon him with a purpose sly,
And hugged his slippery sides in mighty glee.

Then into fluent hope first turned he:
I held him. Sharp despair he then did try
In vain—as hot desire had mastered me
Had he not foolish changed to greed thereby!

Fainting I thought of his wise fables old
And all that I at last seemed nigh to win.
He turned to mocking laughter hard to hold;
But still I held him by a margin thin.
I cried in triumph then—alas! too bold:
—He turned to love, fled seaward and dived in.

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